

The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1888.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damsell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. S. Witherbee & Co. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: R. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

An International Language

THE great inventions of our century, which have brought all civilized nations into such near communion,—the steamship, railway, telegraph, and telephone,—require one essential complement. The closer the intercourse between populations speaking different languages, the more the need of some common medium of communication is felt. The sense of this need is naturally not so strong in America as elsewhere; but every traveller in Europe, every mercantile house with foreign connections, and almost every student of science or art, must experience the embarrassment caused by the variety of languages prevailing in the Old World. Since the era of international exhibitions and congresses for all purposes, scientific, philanthropic, political, and artistic, began, this embarrassment has increased so greatly, that many minds have been turned to the discovery of some means of relief.

The first public manifestation of this sentiment has come from a scientific source, entitled to the highest respect. In January last, the American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia, adopted by unanimous vote a resolution requesting their President to address a letter to all learned bodies with which the Society is in official relations, and to such other societies and individuals as he might deem proper, 'asking their coöperation in perfecting a language for learned and commercial purposes, based on the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms; and to that end proposing an International Congress, the first meeting of which shall be held in London or Paris.'

Letters have been issued in accordance with this resolution, and there can be little doubt of a favorable response. The initiative proceeds from the oldest of American learned societies, founded by Franklin nearly a century and a half ago, and numbering on its roll of notable presidents Thomas Jefferson, the most scholarly of American statesmen, and Peter S. Duponceau, the father of American philology. This historical prestige and the very large membership, comprising many of the most eminent scholars in both hemispheres, can hardly fail to ensure a favorable reception of its present proposal. No international jealousy can possibly be aroused by the action of an American society, asking for a meeting in Europe.

The President's letter is accompanied and seconded by an able report from a Committee (Messrs. Brinton, Phillips, and Snyder) appointed to consider the subject. The report will be everywhere read with interest, though some of the views expressed in it will probably arouse discussion. The Committee maintain that inflections are relics of barbarism, and that an uninflected (or, in scientific phrase, 'analytic') language is better adapted than an inflected speech for the expression of thought. This view, it seems, was strenuously opposed by other distinguished scholars in the Society, who preferred the more usual opinion that inflected (or 'synthetic') languages evince in their framers a higher mental capacity than appears in the uninflected idioms. But all the

members, without exception,—whatever might be their views on this purely theoretical point,—agreed in holding that an artificial language, designed to be a medium of communication among persons speaking many different languages, should be made as simple and easy as possible, both in pronunciation and in grammar,—a proposition which seems too plain to call for argument.

The Committee, it appears, was appointed in the first instance 'to examine into the scientific value of Volapük,'—the 'world speech,' of which so much has been lately heard,—an artificial idiom, constructed about ten years ago by the Rev. Johann Martin Schleyer, a learned priest of Baden. The Committee found in this invention 'something to praise, and much to condemn.' In fact, its merits and its defects lie on the surface, and are evident to any one familiar with the structure of language and with the need for which such an invention is required. As a distinguished English philologist, Mr. A. J. Ellis, has well observed, Volapük 'presents a schoolboy's ideal grammar, there being only one declension, one conjugation, and no exceptions.' Indeed, if the object of the invention were to relieve the much-suffering school-boy of the troubles caused by the monstrous absurdities in the structure of the European languages,—the preposterous orthography of English and French, the nonsensical gender-systems of the continental tongues, the torment of the irregular verbs in all the languages,—Volapük would be everything that could be desired. But while avoiding this obvious Scylla of irregularity, the inventor has been led by his great linguistic ingenuity to plunge into an equally disastrous Charybdis on the other side,—a fatal whirlpool of philological complexities. At the outset, we are met by a gross and surprising error in his alphabet,—an error so evident that the able American interpreter of his system, Mr. Charles E. Sprague (author of a 'Handbook of Volapük'), is obliged frankly to admit it. The inventor is not content with the five 'pure vowel sounds,'—the *a, e, i, o, u*, as they are heard in German and Spanish,—sounds which are familiar and easy to every speaker of every European language, and which, with fourteen or fifteen equally universal consonants, would afford an abundant supply of euphonious words for the amplest vocabulary. He introduces besides, in frequent use, the three German impure vowels *ä, ö, ü*, easy to him as a German, but to most speakers of other tongues difficult and perplexing. The first and most elementary rule of an international speech evidently should be that no sound, or combination of sounds, should occur in it which is not common to all the leading commercial languages of our time.

But the reason for the introduction of so many vowels soon makes itself apparent. The author had determined to depart altogether from the analytic system of modern European tongues, and to revert to the ancient synthetic structure. He would have inflections of all sorts,—cases, tenses, moods, formative prefixes and suffixes,—every complication which his strong linguistic faculty and that 'study of more than fifty languages' which his admiring biographer ascribes to him could suggest. Thus the personal pronouns, I, thou, and he,—in Volapük, *ob, ol, and om*,—do not, as in most European tongues, stand independently before or after the verb; they are made inflections and suffixes. *Löf*, for example (a word derived from the English verb, and in pronunciation midway between 'luff' and 'loaf') is love, and *löfob, löfol, and löfom*, are 'I love, thou lovest, he loves.' This, we know, was the way in which the Aryan verb was originally constructed,—the *t* in the Latin *amat* and the German *liebt*, and the *s* in the English *loves*, being relics of an ancient personal pronoun. But thousands of years have passed since any consciousness of this derivation survived. Having reopened this primitive and long-forgotten path, the learned inventor proceeds resolutely forward in it. He gives us, in his imperfect tense, the Sanskrit and Greek augment, and employs for this purpose one of his German vowels, *ä*, having a sound approaching that of the *a* in hat; *älöfom* is 'he loved.' Then he goes beyond his models, and

forms his remaining tenses by other vowel augments. The perfect tense is *elōfom*, he has loved; the pluperfect *ilōfom*, he had loved; the future, *olōfom*, he will love; the future perfect, *ulōfom*, he will have loved. The passive voice prefixes *p*, and so we get, in the future perfect passive, *pulōfom*, he will have been loved. The conditional mood ends in *ov*, and the potential in *ox*; and thus we have *elōfomov*, he would have loved, and *lōfomox*, which a doubting damsel would need for expressing 'he may possibly love.' Then there is a reflexive form in *ok*, *lōfomok*,—he loves himself,—and a frequentative form, made by inserting an *i* after the augment, and indicating a habit of action—*ailōfom*, he was in the habit of loving. Here we begin to discern the real models which the author of this extraordinary composition has followed. The aboriginal American tongues, with their numerous and apt derivative forms, which have charmed Duponceau, Max Müller, Whitney, and many other noted philologists, have naturally attracted so good a philologist as Mr. Schleyer. He goes on to give us their well-known method of word-formation. He takes bits of modifying words, makes prefixes and suffixes of them, and sticks them on the 'stem-words,' in a fashion which would delight an educated Iroquois or Ojibway. From *smalik*, small, he makes a prefix *sma-*, and joining this to *bed*, which has its English meaning, we get *smabed*, meaning nest. From *gletik*, great, we derive *gle-*, which, added to *zif*, town, gives us *glezif*, great city. From *län*, country, he makes a suffix *-än*, and so we get *Bayän*, Bavaria, and *Kanadän*, Canada.

These specimens show sufficiently the class of languages to which Mr. Schleyer's invention belongs. The Committee of the Philosophical Society incline to rank it with the 'agglutinative' tongues of Northern Asia; but it is something more and better than one of these. It is really what philologists style a 'polysynthetic' language, of the American class, combining agglutinate and inflective forms in great number and variety. To say this of Mr. Schleyer's work is by no means to decry it, but rather, in a certain sense, to exalt it. Max Müller, after a careful study of the Mohawk language, has declared that the framers of 'such a work of art must have been powerful reasoners and accurate classifiers.' Professor Whitney places the structure of the Algonkin speech, in its 'infinite possibilities of expressiveness,' above that of the Greek itself. If any votary of Volapük chooses to claim these praises for that speech and its inventor, there need be no demur to the claim.

But these very merits, in the form in which they are displayed in the Mohawk or the Greek, are utter disqualifications for an international speech. The last species of tongue which an experienced linguist would select as a model for such a speech would be one belonging to the polysynthetic or highly inflected class. In fact, the 'ideal form' of an international language would be a language without a single inflection. Such are those curious composite idioms which have sprung up spontaneously in various parts of the world as means of intercourse between persons speaking different and difficult languages,—the *Lingua Franca* in the Mediterranean, the 'pidgin English' of the Anglo-Chinese settlements, the 'Chinook jargon' of our Northwest Coast. English itself, as the Committee point out, is merely such a *lingua franca* or 'jargon,' in which the slowly coalescing Saxons and Normans learned to speak together, dropping at least four-fifths of their inflections in the process.

The requisites of an international language, so far as alphabet and grammar are concerned, may be very briefly set forth. The chief commercial languages of the world are the English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and the proposed speech must be made acceptable and easy to the speakers of all these languages. *Its alphabet must comprise no sounds, and its grammar no inflections, which are not found in every one of these five languages.* This simple and essential rule will reduce the alphabet to the five pure vowels and about fifteen consonants, and the grammar to less than half a dozen inflections, all terminal,—a plural

form, a past tense, a present participle, a past participle, and possibly one or two other forms. There would be added four or five rules for the collocation of words,—defining the position of the adjective with regard to the substantive, of the adverb with regard to the verb, and of the verb with regard to its subject and object. The whole grammar of the speech, alphabet and all, would not occupy more than two or three pages of the hand-book, and its acquisition by any intelligent person would not require more than an hour or two of application. In fact, the international language will be nearly all vocabulary. The grammar will be merely an infinitesimal adjunct to the dictionary, instead of being, as with Volapük, the main feature of the language.

Volapük is taught in 'courses' of lessons. In Vienna, we are assured, seven 'parallel courses' have been going on, attended by about 2000 persons. In Paris twenty courses are spoken of. In that city, Kerchoffs has published a 'Complete Course of Volapük,' supplemented by an 'Abridged Grammar of Volapük,' and by a smaller 'First Elements of Volapük.' The latter, by the way, is said to have reached its forty-second edition,—a striking evidence of the need which is felt in Europe of an international speech. One writer, Mr. Iwan Iwanowitch, has undertaken to give us 'Volapük in Three Lessons;' but he does this, as Mr. Sprague's Handbook shows us, by dropping or slurring over many of its forms. Mr. Sprague, more reasonably, presents us with a series of twenty-eight 'exercises.' We are told, triumphantly, that apt scholars have learned to read and write the language, with the aid of a dictionary, in a week. A week! Now let us see what will be the method with the International Speech.

A merchant in Philadelphia receives a letter of some fifty words from Moscow, superscribed 'International Language.' He has never seen or heard a sentence of this new speech, though he has read of it in the papers. He sends his clerk for a hand-book, which he finds comprises a couple of pages of alphabet and grammar, followed by a dictionary in the usual twofold arrangement, International-English, English-International. He glances at the first two pages, and takes in the few brief and simple rules on a single perusal. He sees that he has merely to look out the words of the letter, as they stand alphabetically in the International-English part, and put them together in the prescribed order. Half an hour suffices for this simple operation. The few inflections give him no trouble, for they are precisely of the sort he uses in his own language. In composing his answer he reverses the process, and picks out the words in the English-International part. This, at the first attempt, will be somewhat slower work; but less than three hours from the time he opens the hand-book will see the translation and the reply completed. A 'course of lessons' for the International Language will be as needless as a course of lessons for the telephone. To learn to speak it will require merely the getting by heart of a certain number of words. The grammar, such as it is, will 'come of itself,' in the acquisition of a score or two of simple phrases, or in reading two or three pages of the printed language.

Every one can see that if the movement commenced by the Philosophical Society shall result in the production of such a means of communication, it will bring an enormous gain to commerce, to the convenience of travellers, to scientific correspondence, and to the friendly intercourse of nations. The creation of such a speech, and in particular the preparation of its vocabulary, and the exact rendering of this vocabulary into the principal languages of Europe, will be a work worthy of the best scholarship and the finest intellects of our time. It is saying little to assert that the successful completion of this work will form a step in the progress of civilization not less important—perhaps in some respects much more important—than the successful completion of the electric telegraph.

HORATIO HALE.

Reviews

"The Story of Turkey"*

THE publishers of this series of popular histories have often been particularly happy in the selection of persons to write them. A glance over the nineteen volumes so far issued shows a judicious sprinkling of distinguished specialists like Rowlinson, Mahaffy, Vambéry, Church, and Bradley, intermingled with charming artists in literary form like Miss Sara Orne Jewett, Miss Lawless, Profs. Hosmer and Boyesen, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, and the Rev. E. E. Hale. Many of these combine great learning with mastery over style, and the result is a series characterized by a breadth, research, distinction, and grace never before, perhaps, so generally found accompanying an historical 'young people's library.' The author of the 'Turkey' is fitted both by inheritance and acquisition to write the romantic story of the Ottomans in a manner satisfactory from every point of view. A near relative of Lane, the famous translator of the Arabian Nights and compiler of a great Oriental Dictionary, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole is himself widely-known as an Orientalist, the author of 'The Moors in Spain' (same series), 'Saracen Art in Egypt,' the Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the great English ambassador to Turkey, and a number of other valuable works dealing with historical, biographical, and scientific subjects.

In the present work, which flows on entertainingly from beginning to end, he supplements his own excellent knowledge of Oriental conditions and connections with that of Mr. E. J. W. Gibb (author of the translation of 'The Forty Viziers') and Mr. H. H. Howorth, the greatest English authority on the history of the early Turks and Mongols. Naturally, Von Hammer's ponderous work on the Ottomans is the foundation of this work (as well as of Sir Edward Creasy's 'History of the Ottoman Turks' and Jonquière's 'Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman,' in Duruy's Series); but Von Hammer, in passing through Mr. Lane-Poole, is as different from the original as Schiller's 'Bell,' in its crude state, was from the finished product: he has emerged lucid and well-arranged, abundant without superabundance, graceful in style, animated in delivery—a charming instance of 'palinogenesis:' or shall we say that Von Hammer's *indigesta moles* has been fertilized in some mysterious way and made to produce a delightful new growth? At all events we have here a capital history-in-story of Turkey: the only European state which can show thirty-five rulers in uninterrupted male line, extending unbroken from the Thirteenth almost to the Twentieth Century. Pretty good for 'the sick man,' 'the unspeakable Turk,' who has been as robust and as animated as any other factor in European history, and who, as Mr. Lane-Poole clearly shows, 'is not dead yet.' The seventeen chapters of this book show graphically enough how this 'sickness' and 'unspeakableness' originated. The illustrations are often grotesque and antiquated but they generally serve a good purpose in illuminating the text. Turkish and Russian proper names are carefully and consistently transliterated, and a good index and maps complete the book.

"Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art"†

IN THIS VOLUME the author of the well-known 'Rome and the Campagna' has given us a half-dozen thoughtful and well-written essays, embellished with numerous illustrations most of which are excellent. His purpose is 'to show the cognate character of Roman Literature and Roman Art by pointing out the national tendencies of the Romans from which they both sprang.' He shows, first, how the national ideal of the Romans was not beauty but power. The Roman was practical, stern, exacting, with a genius for organization. Before the literary and æsthetic instincts of the people, such as they were, gained an independent expression and devel-

opment, 'conquered Greece (as Horace says) took captive her rude conqueror, and brought the arts to rustic Latium.' But the Romans did not pursue far the lofty aim of poetry and art presented to them by the Greeks. They adopted a realistic view of art, and under the Empire literature for the most part centred about the court, and in sculpture the Emperor became the highest ideal to which they rose. Consequently plastic art in Rome never reached a high development. Architecture was better adapted to the taste of the Romans, and with them became the master-art; the colossal and imposing gratified the idea of power. In literature, sculpture, painting, and architecture alike, the national character expressed itself in accuracy, or technical finish of details, rather than in the symmetry and harmony of the whole. In poetry where the Greek would sketch a battle-scene with a few light and graceful touches, the Roman would dwell with sickening prolixity upon details of carnage. This latter fact our author ascribes wholly to the tendencies of the national character; but more directly, no doubt, the Roman taste for the horrible was cultivated and stimulated to an unnatural extent by gladiatorial combats. Where the Greek in a portrait-statue would cover up defects and endeavor to bring the face and figure into conformity with an ideal, the Roman with pains-taking fidelity would portray every scar or disproportion, aiming at accuracy rather than beauty. In architecture the same trait is noticeable, in the vastness of design, clumsiness of proportion, and frequent lack of adjustment between minute details and general plan, characteristic of Roman structures.

Nevertheless, in both art and literature the Romans produced grand and enduring results, which are well worth the study at the present day; for, our author affirms, the modern English and the ancient Romans have much in common; even 'the same mistakes are being made by the nations both in Literature and Art.' We could wish that in regard to this the author had developed his thought more fully in a supplementary chapter. But the volume as it stands is full of fresh and interesting comparisons, suggestions and observations, fortified by numerous references to original authorities and supplemented by reproductions of the works of art mentioned, which the reader can keep in his eye as he follows the text. Philologists will hardly agree with Dr. Burn in giving the word *atrium* (p. 287) an Etruscan origin. The derivation now generally accepted is from the root *aia* (Indo-European *idh*) meaning 'burn,' and thus connected with *ades*, the *atrium* being originally the *fire-room*, the *hearth-room*, of the Roman dwelling.

Minor Notices of Educational Works

DR. J. S. BLACKWELL, of the University of Missouri, gives us a valuable little 'Manual of German Prefixes and Suffixes,' designed as a practical, not a scientific, aid to students who may wish to gain a nearer sense of these troublesome particles than even the best German dictionaries afford. Every teacher of German knows how exceedingly important the subject of prefixes and suffixes is, and how difficult it is to instruct even advanced students in the niceties and delicacies which they communicate to German words. Such persons will welcome this manual, which is unique in its province and is founded upon such sure substructure as is afforded by the works and dictionaries of Grimm, Sanders, Meyer, Eberhard, and Heyse, assisted by the corrections and suggestions of the author's colleagues. The subject is alphabetically treated, and the old orthography is followed. A revision will correct errors here and there, which have crept into the text. The author's claim to entire originality is not borne out by the facts, since Dr. Gessner Harrison's work on the Greek Prepositions covers, for Greek at least, a part of the ground. (60 cts. Henry Holt & Co.) —A GLANCE at J. F. Stern's 'German Exercises: Material to translate into German' will show the experienced teacher an excellent new exercise-book containing a multitude of carefully annotated anecdotes and sprightly sayings for translation into German. The book, being the outgrowth of the compiler's own instruction-classes and methods, is well adapted to its purpose—*i. e.*, introducing the student to a practical acquaintance with the tongue. Notes, vocabularies under each exercise, hints, and rules accompany the text throughout. We cannot have too many such books. (45 cts. Ginn & Co.)

*'The Story of Turkey.' By Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. (The Story of the Nations.) \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art. By Rev. Robert Burn. \$4. New York: Macmillan & Co.

MACAULAY'S 'Lays of Ancient Rome' seem, like Tithonus, to have received the gift of immortality. It is nearly half a century since they were given to the world, and they have ever since formed part of the 'stock in trade' of the embryonic Cicero, and the prize-speakers of the Universities. To not a few, also, they are the favorites of maturer years. They have gone through edition after edition, and the present summer has seen the production of two new issues. One of these, edited by Dr. W. J. Rolfe and his son, has been added by the Harpers to their English Classics for School Reading—that light-covered, convenient, sensible series, which every scholar, student and tourist has learned to love. There is nothing new to be said of the series itself, and as for the 'Lays,' our critic-laureate has well asked, 'Where in modern ballad-verse will you find more ringing stanzas or more impetuous movement and action?' In spite of the decided faults these verses have, there is a 'swing' to 'Horatius,' 'Virginia' and 'The Battle of Lake Regillus' which ensures their perennial reproduction. (56 cts. Harper & Bros.)—EVERYONE who is interested in the development among the young of a taste for historical literature will welcome the publication of such a book as Dr. Rolfe's 'Tales from English History,' in the same excellent series. Such books present historical truths and allusions in a way so attractive as to increase the disposition to read history, and thus inspire a desire to know more, and more thoroughly, of the past. In this little volume are contained such stories as that of 'Edward the Black Prince at Crecy and Poitiers,' and of 'Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth,' the ballad of Agincourt, and that of Henry II. at the tomb of Arthur; and a dozen other tales in prose and verse. It is to be hoped that it may supplant some of the prosaic 'reading-books' to be found in our schools. (36 cts.)

TEACHERS of English Literature will welcome an edition of Wordsworth's 'Prelude,'—never before published apart from his complete works,—with preface and notes by A. J. George, Acting Professor of English Literature in Boston University. The interesting prefatory essay dwells upon the value, at the present juncture, of the study of Wordsworth, as a counter-agent to the utilitarian tendencies of the time, and a mediator between science and poetry. The necessary information as to the poet's career and the history of this poem in particular, is clearly presented, and the preface is supplemented in this respect by a brief chronological and itinerary table. The poem composed by Coleridge after listening to the recitation of 'The Prelude' forms a natural approach to the work itself. The admirable notes, full without being in the least cumbrous, furnish all explanation that can be needed, and are especially valuable in faithfully fixing the localities alluded to in the poem. The careful tracing of these, 'with the assistance of those local historians, the dalesmen,' must have been a most delightful task. 'The Prelude' will be followed by the publication of other poems of Wordsworth. It is the best possible introduction to a study of his life and work. (\$1. D. C. Heath & Co.)—THE same publishers issue 'Selected Poems from Lamartine's *Premières et Nouvelles Méditations*,' edited with biographical sketch and notes, by George O. Curme, Professor of German and French in Cornell College, Iowa. Twenty-four selections are given, each poem, as it should be, complete and unaltered. An article on 'The General Character of French Verse,' by Prof. A. Williams of Brown University, is added. The editor's work appears to have been conscientiously, as it has been lovingly, performed. While agreeing with Prof. Curme as to the worth of appreciative criticism, we find his remarks on Lamartine rather too nebulously enthusiastic. (75 cts.)

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE is everybody's friend—men's, women's and children's. Who shall number the thousands to whom he has lent 'a helping hand?' And whatever he does is pretty sure to be done well, and with a hearty will. Now it is a sermon, and now a beautiful story; again it is a lecture that helps to make rough ways smooth, or a schoolbook that will strengthen the little soul that studies it. In the adaptation of 'The Arabian Nights' for the series of Classics at Home, we have a sifting of those endless and sometimes questionable thousand-and-one tales, set before us in a most attractive manner. How much happier reading than the progressive series of school-books conned by the pupils of a generation ago, is such a child's classic!—a classic which no child can outgrow. Thirty-two of the tales are here compiled and edited with a scholar's care. Tom and Lucy are sure to make the acquaintance of Sinbad and Scheherezade some time while they are young; and it would be hard to meet them under pleasanter auspices than in this illustrated book for the classroom. (50 cts. Ginn & Co.)—IN THE same series appears the Autobiography of Franklin, edited by D. H. Montgomery. One can only say of the propriety of this selection what has just been said of the

other. There is no better or more heathful study than that of a great man's life. To 'young America' especially, there can be no 'lesson' more interesting or instructive than the history of the poor printer's devil who, by pluck, industry, indomitable perseverance and a laudable ambition, climbed to the highest places of the world, and left behind him a name and fame that will redound to our national glory forever. The study of such a life is as useful in its way as that of compound fractions, as broadening as a knowledge of the sciences.

THE LATE James Johonnot will be sadly missed in the school-room, but he has left behind him many pleasant memories. Hosts of little ones, who through him first learned of the marvels of 'other lands,' will think of him in after years with a tender feeling when they gaze on the strange things of which he told them. One of his delightful little volumes lies before us now, the 'Stories of Other Lands,'—a bright bit in the great mosaic of history which with infinite patience he filled in for little scholars. There is the story—the most glorious one for young Americans to hear—of Columbus; and there are the stories of Magellan and Cortes and Pizarro, who unconsciously helped so much to open the way for 'the greatest nation in the world.' Then there are the stirring tales of the Maid of Zaragoza, the Maid of Orleans, Flora Macdonald, and Grace Darling; and chapters on Michael Angelo and Raphael; on St. Vincent de Paul, one of the best friends foundlings and orphans ever had; on Napoleon Bonaparte, the redoubtable hero of every latter-day boy's brain; and on many other wonderful men, women and things in foreign lands and climes. (47 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

WE ARE inclined to the belief that an overdose of grammar is as bad for children as an over-indulgence in confectionery—though grammar is by no means linked sweetness long drawn out. But for the study in question David Salmon's 'School Grammar,' which has just made its appearance, answers every purpose. It is arranged in four divisions, one devoted to the parts of speech, one to classification and inflexion, a third to the analysis of sentences, and a fourth—the most interesting and instructive—to the history and derivation of words. We miss from it 'Thanatopsis,' 'Hamlet's Soliloquy,' and other such masterpieces of literature, as exercises in parsing and analysis, which used to be the *bêtes noires* of every schoolboy, and which, in not a few cases, left such a bad flavor in the mouth that he could never taste these things in after years without puckering his lips. Isolated stanzas, phrases and sentences have been subtracted for such 'base uses,' but this is a great advance on the old system of wholesale quotation. If the present Grammar had no other merit, this would be sufficient, we think, to save it; and this, in common with its other good qualities, will surely recommend its adoption in the classroom. (75 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE publishers of the Stories of American History Series have issued a revision and adaptation from Henry C. Watson, a writer on American historical subjects, for the use of schools, entitled 'The Boston Tea-Party.' The little book deals, in the narrative manner, with the events of the Revolution, and the daring deeds done in the 'times that tried men's souls.' It has chapters on 'Gen. Putnam's Escape,' 'The Battle of Bunker Hill,' 'The Fight at Concord,' 'Arnold's Expedition,' and the thousand-and-one other thrilling adventures and doughty fighters of the great war for freedom. It is a readable little volume, written in plain and distinct English, and commendable for the good examples it offers to the young. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

OF THE sixty-five pages in Part I. of Dr. R. S. Rosenthal's 'Meisterschaft System' as applied to Latin, thirty are given to introductory remarks made up of sensible suggestions on the teaching of languages and indiscriminate abuse of all existing methods except his own. It will be impossible to speak of the merits of the system in learning Latin until the remaining parts shall have been issued and the whole tested by practical application in the class-room; but so far as appears from this introduction, the author has ignored one of the chief characteristics of good Latin training. With him the learning of languages is merely a matter of memory. So it may well be, if a language is to be used as a means of everyday communication; but for this purpose Latin at present is unsuited, and indeed is not at all needed. The prime idea in teaching Latin should be, not to 'cram,' but to train. A boy may be taught to say 'my sister's lame cat' glibly in six different languages, but it is only the same poor little cat after all, and the mere fact of being able to speak of it in six different ways adds very little to the discipline of culture. The greatest fault of American education to-day is, especially in primary and secondary instruction, that the memory is trained too much, the observation and the judgment too little. The study of Latin according to methods

now generally approved, and under a capable teacher, is a pedagogical instrument second to none in training to think correctly, disciplining alike the faculties of observation, comparison, and generalization or judgment. It trains to accuracy in mental habits, while the tendency of short roads in this subject is, as a rule, to train to inaccuracy. In educational processes also time is just as essential an element in producing the best results as in the growth of the body or of a tree. Many American teachers are now enlivening the ordinary routine of drill in the elements of Latin with exercises resembling those of the Meisterschaft as given in this brochure and in the series for the modern languages, and in this way stimulating the interest of young students. How far such exercises may be continued with profit is a question not yet settled. The author of the Meisterschaft makes this claim (p. 28, the italics are his):—'My system, though far from being entirely original, combines the good features of all modern methods, and follows at the same time *nature's own way* as closely as possible.' If the system should be generally adopted, it would involve a shifting of base in estimating the pedagogic value of Latin studies, especially in the earlier stages. (50 cts. Boston: Meisterschaft Pub. Co.)

TEACHERS of Latin will find Karl P. Harrington's 'Helps to the Intelligent Study of College Preparatory Latin' full of suggestiveness and value. It presents in compact form a bibliography of books helpful in the study of Cæsar, Vergil, and Cicero, with copious and exact references on many topics connected therewith. The author has not intended to give a complete list of authorities, but only to name the best and those most easily obtained. In referring to Duruy's 'History of Rome,' however, he has mentioned only the Paris edition, apparently having failed to notice the English translation, issued in elegant form, by Kegan Paul, French & Co., in 1884-5. In the case of a bibliography purposely brief, it may seem ungracious to speak of omissions; but only one reference is given on the rich legendary literature relating to Vergil, and that to a mere note in Cruttwell's 'Roman Literature.' Allusion should certainly have been made to the form of the Vergil myth in 'Early English,' as given for instance in Thorn's 'Early English Prose Romances,' and to the exhaustive as well as fascinating work of Compagetti, readily accessible since 1875 in a German translation, with the title 'Virgil im Mittelalter.' (50 cts. Ginn & Co.)

OUR GROUNDING in foreign tongues would be more thorough, perhaps, if instead of plunging at first shock into Molière or Goethe or Dante, we began at primary principles and learned each new language as we learned our own—from the alphabet up. For such a purpose Paul Bercy's educational primers are second to none for the study of French. His 'Livre des Enfants,' though ostensibly a book for children, will prove as serviceable for the children of a larger growth who are just shaking hands on introduction to what poor Maître Hamel tearfully told his pupils was the 'most beautiful language in the whole world.' Indirectly, some sound morality is inculcated in these first simple lessons, which the student would do well to heed; such as this on the milkmaid: Where goes the woman? She is surely going to the city to sell her milk. There is no *water* in that milk. Oh no, it is pure and fresh. It is excellent milk. There is a dash of humor, too, sometimes in the simple exposition of human nature. (50 cts. Wm. R. Jenkins.)—THE latest issue in the College Series of Greek Authors is an edition of the fifth book of Thucydides. Like the edition of the seventh book which lately appeared, this volume follows closely the text and commentary of Classen. The work of the American editor, Harold North Fowler of Harvard, has been well done, and the book sustains the high merit of the series to which it belongs. (\$1.50. Ginn & Co.)

B. MÉRAS, author of 'Syntaxe Pratique de la Langue Française' begins with two astoundingly modest statements: (1) 'This Syntax makes study interesting; (2) 'French Syntax in English is practically valueless.' How then has the world learned French since the Oaths of Strasburg? And is this Syntax interesting? We must really let our readers find out for themselves. A teacher who thus bounds into the arena unfurling two black flags at once is not apt to inspire confidence or courage, whatever the 'method' by which he has attained his infallibility. The book certainly contains nothing to drive out of the market the standard grammars in English and French, on which we have lived and thriven from time immemorial. There are the usual sections on articles, etc.; the usual verb-lists, with their prepositions; the usual idioms, exercises, questions and answers. But all this has been going on since the time of Noah. M. Méras says no. He thinks nobody ever before stated an example first and then followed it by the rule. It must be a delightful thing to 'live and learn.' (\$1.25. New York: Modern Language Pub. Co.)

TWO pamphlets on educational subjects now lie before us, the first of which is an address before the College of the City of New York by President Simmons of the Board of Trustees. It is entitled 'The Higher Education a Public Duty,' and its object is to set forth the claims of the higher education to the patronage of the State. (New York: Board of Education.) After commending the public school system of the country, President Simmons goes on to argue that elementary education is by no means sufficient for the political and other needs of this country; that the people are in urgent need of leaders and counselors; and that these cannot be furnished in adequate numbers unless the poor can obtain the higher education much more easily than at present. He says that the majority of the graduates of the City College could not have got the education they now possess except at a public institution; and for all these reasons he concludes that the maintenance of the higher education is the duty of the public. This conclusion he fortifies by citing the example of European states and of past ages. His address is well worthy of perusal by educators and statesmen, whether they agree with its conclusions or not. The second pamphlet is by Sir Philip Magnus of London, on 'Education in Bavaria.' It is No. 2 of the Monographs of the Industrial Education Association, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, and is largely devoted to an account of the Bavarian *Real Schulen*, and other schools of a scientific and technical character. Sir Philip has made a careful study of his subject, and gives some information that will be new to American readers. It appears that there is now some discussion in Germany as to the expediency of abolishing the study of Latin in the *Real Schulen*, and also on the proposal to establish a department of engineering in the Universities. On these points and many others of interest this monograph may be profitably consulted. (20 cts. Industrial Education Association.)

DR. JOHN S. WHITE, the accomplished Headmaster of the Berkeley School, New York, has possibly benefited some teachers and scholars by collecting a volume of 'Recent Examination Papers for admission to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Sheffield Scientific School, and Columbia School of Mines,' though such papers are gratuitously sent out by the colleges. The papers, however, are here bound up (nominally) by institutions, instead of subjects—the proper division; and even under a single institution, papers on the same subject must be sought in several places. There is neither index nor table of contents. If this collection was worth making, it was worth making well. (\$1.25. Ginn & Co.)—CHARLES E. WHITING, formerly teacher of music in the Boston public schools, has arranged a new 'Part-Song and Chorus Book,' for the use of high schools, academies, etc. It contains a condensed elementary course; vocal exercises; two-, three-, and four-part songs; anthems, choruses, and hymns. The book is published in neat form, and seems well fitted for its ends. We sometimes wish, in examining collections of this kind, that the editors would consider more attentively the literary quality of songs. Surely this consideration is not unimportant; yet for how few of the songs taught in our schools can more than inoffensive flatness be claimed? (96 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

PROF. F. W. TAUSSIG'S 'Tariff History of the United States' is a useful contribution to the chief political discussion of the time. It is not a connected and consecutive work, but a series of essays; all of which have been published in some form before. The author expresses himself plainly, and shows a thorough acquaintance with his subject in its theoretical as well as its historical aspects. He is a Free-trader, and of course treats his theme from that point of view; but he writes with impartiality and judicial temper. The first essay in the volume is on the influence of the early tariffs in promoting the growth of young industries. In those earlier days Protection was advocated not as a permanent policy, but only as a means of establishing manufactures that were afterwards to do without it; and Prof. Taussig here makes an elaborate inquiry into its effect. His conclusion is that the effect was very slight, and that 'little, if anything, was gained by the Protection which the United States maintained in the first part of this century.' He then goes on, in other essays, to trace the effect of the later tariffs, and especially to inquire into their supposed influence on commercial crises. He shows, what economists have always maintained, that such crises are really due to over-speculation, imprudent banking, and other causes wholly unconnected with the tariff; and he expresses the opinion that in this respect, as in some others, the influence of protective duties has been greatly exaggerated, by their opponents as well as by their advocates. The last and longest of Prof. Taussig's papers is on the existing tariff. It gives a very good account of the origin of the measure in war times, and of the changes that have been made or proposed in it since. The book will undoubtedly be useful to all thorough students of the tariff question,

which seems likely to be for some time the leading issue in American politics. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN THE neat and scholarly series of handbooks in theological science edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, we have now 'A Manual of Church History,' by the Rev. A. C. Jennings. The first volume treats of the development of the Christian Church during the first ten or eleven centuries; and this within the compass of somewhat over a hundred pages. The merit of this compact and accurate work is that it lacks special theological animus or proclivity, and gives us the facts. It is therefore useful to Christians of all shades of difference in minor belief, and will be welcomed by students who wish to prepare for examinations. The general reader who likes to get the materials furnished by specialists and delvers, but prefers to formulate his own philosophy instead of having the latter ready-made, will also be glad of such a volume. It is a most cheering sign of the times that such a series of handbooks is a popular success. Science and facts, rather than theory and exhortations, are what tend to unity and the final form of truth. (75 cts. T. Whittaker.)

'SACRED HISTORY from the Creation to the Giving of the Law,' by the late Rev. Edward P. Humphrey—a portly and handsome volume, bound in Presbyterian blue,—is a solid body of old-fashioned learning and orthodox divinity that will delight thousands of readers who like the old ring of the 'ripe scholar.' For a half-century, Dr. Humphrey's reputation in Kentucky as a pulpit orator was of the highest. As the memorial preface states, 'his true eloquence was in the dignity of his look and manner, and in the weight of his reputation.' He died in December, 1887, having just finished the manuscript of his book, which is in sound accord with the teachings of Princeton, and contains the distilled essence of books that were more read a generation or two ago than now. Still, it is evident that the author consulted a few of the more modern books and even one or two of the critical sort. His style is popular, easy, graceful, and suggests the rush and fervor of pulpit-delivery more than the dry and undogmatic verdicts of the historian. Two good indexes of topics and texts equip the work for further usefulness. Apart from its claim to be history in the strict sense of the word, the work is one of the best we are familiar with for those who wish to keep substantially unaltered the traditional view of human history from Adam to Moses. The 'ripe scholar' still exists in popular imagination, and though the eloquence which resides in 'dignity of look and manner' may not equip a historian whose arguments meet his readers in cold type, yet one cannot read Dr. Humphrey's book without edification and enjoyment of his lucid style. (\$2.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

NO VOLUME yet published in the series of Twelve English Statesmen contains so much that is interesting, and so much that to many readers will be new, as the 'Henry II.' Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the late historian, is its author. It is well-known that she was the assiduous helper of her husband and co-worker with him in his historical researches, and that the new edition of his 'Short History of the English People' has been supervised by her. Her profound knowledge of historical sources and her intimate acquaintance with the materials from which English history must be written, are reinforced by a brilliancy of style which reminds the reader of her lamented husband. The biography of Henry II. opens with a brief discussion of the political condition of England at the time of Henry's accession. The second chapter—one of the most instructive in the book—is devoted to the 'Angevin Empire,' and recounts the political complications which followed the marriage of Matilda of England with Geoffrey of Anjou, and of Henry himself with Eleanor of Aquitaine. We see before us the vexing relations which sprang from the union under one crown of men so different as the Angevin and the Englishman, the Norman and the Gascon. Not only were the internal political relations complicated, but from this time may be said to have begun the clashing discords which for many centuries rendered the French and English inharmonious. Another chapter is devoted to the consideration of the industrial condition of England at the beginning of Henry's reign. The growth of the new classes of traders and burghers; the gradual emancipation of the municipalities from feudal overlords; the improvements in agriculture which sprang directly from the efforts of the monks—all these are mentioned as adding to the difficulties which confronted Henry in his settlement of the government of his island realm. Other chapters still are devoted to the Constitution of Clarendon and the conflict with the Church; to the Assize of Clarendon and the principles on which justice was henceforth to be administered; to the conquest of Ireland, a conquest from whose 'beginning there rested on the unhappy country a curse which has remained to the present

moment;' and to the revolt of the baronage. The biography closes with a description of the Court of Henry with its historians and its satirists, its lawyers and its Anglo-Norman literature, and an account of the death of the King. 'No ruler of his age had raised for himself so great a monument as Henry. . . . Englishmen then, as Englishmen now, recognized him as one of the foremost on the roll of those who have been the makers of England's greatness.' (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

IN THE International Education Series, edited by Prof. Wm. T. Harris, we are to have two volumes devoted to 'The Mind of the Child.' Part I.—'The Senses and the Will'—is now before us. The author, W. Preyer, is Professor of Physiology in Jena, and the translation—a very good one, by the way—is from the German, by H. W. Brown of the Normal School at Worcester, Mass. The author has made a most careful study both of pre-natal and infantile humanity, and has set forth his subject in a way that not only students and experts, but the average father and mother, can understand. The first beginnings of sense and emotion are noted from a long and careful observation, and a comparison of the same steps of progress in the development of animals connoted. It is thus clearly seen how much better equipped for immediate service in the struggle for existence than a baby, is a guinea-pig, a chicken, a puppy or a monkey, while it is also shown how necessary is man's long infancy for future higher development. Some of the results of research are amusing, as well as of fascinating interest. The author shows particularly how that the actions and manifested capabilities of animate beings depend on heredity even more than on environment, while the tremendous importance of the study of mankind in the nursery is incidentally proved. We heartily commend this little manual to mothers and fathers, for with such a guide the study of the babe becomes of intense interest; supplemented by a diary of daily events in the young child's life, it will make one both a good observer and a fair reasoner. Or, as an educator of children in teaching them habits of observation of animal life, it is most valuable. We suspect that the readability, as well as the good English, of this excellent monograph is largely due to the translator. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

TWO monographs on American ethnology, coming from different quarters, and relating to tribes now far apart in locality and in culture, deserve special notice, for their intrinsic interest, and for the highly instructive contrast and mutual commentary which they afford. The 'Notes and Observations on the Kwakiutl People of Vancouver Island,' by Dr. George M. Dawson,—reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada,—describe an Indian people in nearly the most primitive condition of their race. Before the advent of the whites, they were in the earliest 'stone age,' having no knowledge even of the potter's art; but they showed, like other tribes of the Northwest Coast, considerable ingenuity in the making of their stone and wooden implements, and in the construction of their plank houses and their large sea-going canoes. They are, as Dr. Dawson says, 'excellent boatmen and fishermen in their way;' and it would seem, in fact, to be the easy subsistence drawn from the sea and the rivers that has withheld them from the improvement of which they are naturally capable. Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, in his 'Study of Pueblo Pottery, as illustrative of Zuni Culture-growth,'—published by the Bureau of Ethnology,—has shown, by a most ingenious series of deductions, drawn from the arts and the language of the tribe, how another Indian people, starting from a condition perhaps even lower than that of the Kwakiutls, and thrust by stronger tribes into an interior desert, have been forced by the hard conditions of their environment to become agriculturists, to practice irrigation, to build substantial stone houses, to manufacture basket-work and pottery of a varied and often highly artistic character, and finally to rise, by gradual advances, into a condition not far below a genuine civilization. Both memoirs are well written, and display the trained ability of scientific observers.

Recent Fiction

'MAY AND JUNE' is the title of a tale of Indian adventure published under the auspices of Laird & Lee, Chicago. Of the story itself it is sufficient to say that it is a weak product of the Fenimore Cooper school. The only significant thing about the publication is the use made of the similarity existing between the name of the author and the well-established name of the late E. P. Roe. The name of the writer of 'May and June' is Edward R. Roe, which on the cover of the book is so manipulated that the distinguishing stroke of the letter R. all but disappears. This feat of advertising, combined with the use of the design in scroll-work adopted by the late Mr. Roe's publishers, shows that Messrs. Laird & Lee are not open to the charge of 'supersensitive conscientiousness.' (25 cts.)

'THE LONE GRAVE of the Shenandoah, and Other Tales,' by Donn Piatt, are spoken of by the author in his preface as short stories. He probably calls them so for the same reason that he calls one of his personages Bardolph Bottles—*vis.*, 'because,' as he tells us, 'that is not his name.' The small volume is in reality a collection of anecdotes—anecdotes so elaborately dressed and padded that their age and other defects are all but concealed. But they all have the single motive and crisp, obvious surprise which characterize that department of oral literature. (50 cts. Belford, Clarke & Co.)—'SOCIETY RAPIDS' gives on its title-page full warning of its contents. We are there told, not only that 'Society Rapids' is by 'One in the Swim,' but further that the story is 'snappy,' 'lively' and 'spicy.' These adjectives, as literary expletives, have been somewhat twisted from their ordinary meaning, and in this technical sense we can only say that the story lives up to its title-page. (75 cts. T. B. Peterson & Bros.)—IN 'TWO LUNATICS' the author, who proclaims himself to be one of them, attempts the form of a Gulliver-like allegory to state and settle many social and ethical problems. He is earnest and serious; but he fails, we believe, to raise any new questions and he certainly does not settle the old ones. (50 cts. Theo. Berendsohn.)

M. E. BRADDON, the bright faces of whose progeny still come smiling to the fore, is a striking instance, in the literary world, of 'increase of appetite growing by what it feeds upon.' And in her case the public appetite seems only to whet her zeal for production. Harper & Bros. have added to the Franklin Square Library 'The Fatal Three,' which while more sombre than most of Miss Braddon's novels, lacks none of their interest. (30 cts.)

THE RUNNING comments on the humiliations and sordidness of social ambitions, in the form of letters from 'A Debutante in New York Society,' by Rachel Buchanan, were doubtless entertaining as they appeared in instalments in a weekly paper; as a volume they are tiresome reading. Their garrulity and particularity make us exclaim, with the sailor, that when a rope is too short, we can splice it, but when it is too long, what can we do? The debutante, the alarmingly intelligent young heroine whose propensity to ideas was such a source of anxiety to her worldly mother, is much too expert in her thrusts at society's unprotected heel to have been as innocent of aim as she would have us believe. It is a practiced sportsman who can follow the game with the unerring instinct which this young damsel fresh from school displays in flushing the coveys of society's set sins. The book has some clever touches, and many of its expositions of the falsity of our social relations are just; but its lessons are too obvious not to be wearisome. (\$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.)—WRITING a preface to another man's book is so like giving a social introduction, that if any explanations are called for, we naturally turn to the introducer. If this bit of etiquette were as universally acted upon as it is recognized, Mr. William E. Barns would have his time pretty well occupied in answering questions about 'Nobody Knows,' by 'A Nobody.' To him we must refer the anxious inquirer—who will, we trust, agree with us, that the expression 'quite harmless' exonerates Mr. Barns from some, at least, of his self-assumed responsibility. (\$1.25. Funk & Wagnalls.)

A NOVEL in which the characters consist almost entirely of a lot of boys and girls is apt to be as tiresome to older readers as the same number of young people in real life. And 'The Lassies of Leverhouse,' by Jessie Fothergill, has the same genial atmosphere of chatter that it would were its youths and maidens flesh and blood. There is no repose, no silence; some one is always talking. The wrong man systematically falls in love with the wrong girl; and, as in an old-fashioned cotillion, there is so much bowing and 'changing of places, that not until the end of the dance can one be certain who are partners. One young lady, for no apparent reason, has her eyes put out by a flash of lightning, and then marries the man who asked her to look at the storm. It does not clearly appear whether this episode is intended as an illustration of retributive justice, or whether, as with Saul of Tarsus, spiritual insight came with blindness. Apart from its extremely juvenile cast, the story gives a pleasant picture of English country life where the limited resources of a large family proves to be the mother of a happy inventiveness. (\$1. Holt's Leisure Hour Series.)

The Magazines

Macmillan's for August would have been well worth publishing had it contained nothing but Sidney Colvin's paper 'On Some Letters on Keats,' and the unsigned estimate of the late Sir Francis Doyle as a poet. The former is simply an anticipatory sketch, anent the complete edition of the poet's letters to his friends and family, which Mr. Colvin has now in preparation. In it, the date

of the poem, 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci'—which Mr. Colvin characterizes as the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world, as against Matthew Arnold's stigma—is established; and a correct draft of the verses is first published. Till now, no copies in the author's autograph had been printed. One reads here in his own words of the beginning of his ill-fated intimacy with Fanny Brawne, of whom he says, she is 'beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable and strange.' In the light of later happenings, most of us would be apt to brand her with an adjective stronger than 'silly'; 'strange' indeed she was. These letters, the existence of which has been known a long time, have never before been printed faithfully and fully. They consist of the poet's correspondence with his American kinspeople, and will doubtless be of great importance in filling out the intimate life of the man, of which we know less than we should like. The paper on 'Sir Francis Doyle's Poetry' reviews in a comprehensive way the little verse that singer left us. 'England,' it quotes, 'was his mistress, and he gave her his best, as Dante did to Beatrice and Petrarch to Laura.' Sir Francis was in no way a great man, but he deserves remembrance for such stirring songs as 'The Return of the Guards,' and his other trumpet-blasts of national glorification. Bret Harte's new story, 'Cressy,' so named from the heroine, Cressy McKinstry, opens in a school-room of Tuolumne County, California. It is to be the old story, we imagine, of the schoolteacher and his girl-pupil, who construe together the verb *amare*. Walter Pater's 'Gaston de Latour' is still continued. Goldwin Smith contributes a paper on imperial federation, under the title of 'Straining the Silken Thread,' and Harold A. Perry a descriptive chapter on 'Gibraltar.' Lord Coleridge records his recollections of John Campbell Sharp and says of him that he was 'more poetical than his poetry, more affectionate than his letters; fuller of charm, weightier in influence than even his best and ablest writings.' Rennell Rodd has a 'Ballad of the Armada;' and there are some 'Rhymes after Horace,' and a horticultural lesson, styled the 'Confessions of a Gardener.'

The *American Magazine*, while it has its usual variety of matter, is not especially entertaining. To the lovers of 'personalities,' the article signed Trebor Ohl will interest a host of readers. 'The Six Story-Tellers for Children,' whose ages, complexions and house-furnishings are dilated upon, are Miss Guiney, 'Margaret Sydney,' Abby Morton Diaz, Nora Perry, Mrs. Champney and Mrs. Rollins. The illustrations are very poor. 'The Island of Trinity,' by Dr. Wm. F. Hutchinson, the fourth paper of a series about the shores of the Caribbean, is much more substantial reading, and the illustrations much more satisfying. 'Where Burgoyne Surrendered,' by C. H. Crandall, is a good bit of periodical history; and Lieut. Schwatka's paper 'On the American Arctic Savage' is instructive and entertaining. In the way of poetry, Zitella Cocke has some good verse called 'August,' Joel Benton some kindred stanzas on 'Midsummer,' Edna Dean Proctor a vigorous sonnet on 'Frederick III. of Germany,' and E. M. Allen a short poem, 'An Indian Love-Song.' Miss Tinker's story, 'Two Coronets,' is continued.

Julian Hawthorne and Andrew Lang are at one on the subject of plagiarism, or rather plagiarist-hunters. In *America*, the former recently had an article on the subject that left no doubt as to the writer's meaning; and now, 'At the Sign of the Ship' in *Longman's* for August, Mr. Lang has something—in a milder manner, though—to say on the same theme. Mr. Lang has heard some person, 'supernaturally wise,' affirm that Rider Haggard's 'Mee-sun's Will' was pilfered from a silly tale of his. But he isn't at all anxious for that reason to claim the honor of the later story. In both, he goes on to say, 'a record is tattooed on the human body, and that idea is *publici juris*, surely, because it is over 2,300 years old, and was employed by Histæus, according to Herodotus, who was "a plagiarist himself," according to Porphyry.' In the same vein, while speaking of poor Mr. Donnelly, he adds a prefix to Mr. Traill's felicitous *mot*, and hails him as 'Anglo-Saxo-Cryptogrammaticus.' Mr. Lang has also something to say of that self-deceived sorrowful creature who can't get his 'poetry' accepted by the editors, and is consequently sure that he is discarded because he is not in the 'ring.' If 'one of the initiated' would only act as a medium and forward the manuscript, then all would be well. 'There is even less reason than usual in this quaint and tedious superstition of the unaccepted. But the belief might have been imparted to him by some legendary nurse in his childhood, "so spun she, and so sung she," for he will never lay it down, never understand that his performances are not wanted because they are not good enough.'

'Open up our markets and make raw materials cheap, and the American problem is solved. Our country will then, indeed, be the greatest, the freest, the happiest, the most prosperous on the face of the earth!' Such is Roger Q. Mills's peroration of 'The Real Issue,' in *Belford's* this month. Foreign trade and literature is its *raison d'être*, a great deal of trade, that is, and very little lit-

erature. For besides Mr. Mills's paper there are others in the same vein, one on 'British Free-Trade,' by Alfred H. Peters; another, by F. P. Powers, on 'British Interests in American Protection'; and still, another by T. E. Willson, entitled 'War Declared on Agriculture.' This leaves little room for literature *per se*. Selina Dolara has an amusing sketch, called 'How We Sat upon Society Journalism'; and there are other short stories, by G. H. Stockbridge ('The Widow Stubb's Clock'), and A. L. Kinkead ('The Kinzua Wild-Cat'). Whitcomb Riley has a poem, in his tender tone, headed 'The Wife'; Katherine Tynan some delicately woven verses, 'In a Cathedral'; and C. W. Coleman a feeling poem at greater length, called 'Before a Portrait.' In 'A Parable for Walt Whitman,' Coates Kinney sings of the burial and resurrection of Pompeii in the Whitmanish style and cadence. N. J. W. Le Cato, the successful author of 'Tom Burton' (which Donn Piatt reviews in the present number), contributes the complete novel, 'Aunt Sally's Boy Jack.'

The Fly-leaf to the Reader

FRIEND, stay your steps awhile before
You pass within the open door;
Bethink you in what manner you
Shall greet the host; consider, too,
How to a feast of all his best
The author here invites his guest,
To taste his meat and drink his wine,
On every dish to freely dine.
And mind you, when you come to sit
Before the board whereon his wit
And wisdom all are spread to make
A meal for your mind's stomach's sake,
To bear yourself with dignity
And treat your host with courtesy.
If any dish before you placed
By any chance offend your taste,
Or if the food seem wanting aught
Of proper seasoning, say naught.
Eat quietly, and when you go
Forget not gratitude to show:
And, being gone, if you repent
The precious time that you have spent,
Or think that you have poorly fared
Upon the food and drink prepared,
Curse not this book,—your wine and meat
So kindly offered you to eat.
The author, too, spare from your curse,
And do not go from bad to worse;
You were his guest,—this recollect,
And treat him only with respect.
Keep your opinions to yourself
And put the book back on its shelf.
Think this: what one may eat and die,
Another's taste may satisfy;
For there is nothing nobler than
The man who loves his fellow-man!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The Lounger

THE BISHOP OF RIPON has just delivered a speech before the undergraduates at Oxford on 'The Prose-Poems of the Day.' The department of literature so gracefully alluded to by the reverend gentleman is that of fiction. The Bishop spoke at length upon the enormous force the novel had become. He supposed that he might say without fear of contradiction that there was a day in which this younger sister of letters was looked at somewhat askance; people felt that she did not come before them arrayed in the garments of wisdom. Now, if report said true, it was not at all uncommon for a judge to fly from the bench to his study, there to entertain himself with a novel. 'And so,' added the Bishop, 'this young sister—the Cinderella of literature—had been brought out of her obscurity, and, if he might so speak, the Prince, in the form of the public, had preferred her to the elder sisters—either poetry or history; for she held high supremacy.' This bit of fancy on the part of the speaker met with enthusiastic applause, which was renewed as the Bishop concluded with this deduction:

The novel had taken the place of the Professor's desk, and had turned the lecturer from his post; and he was sure they would sympathize

with him when he said that it had ascended the pulpit. . . . He for one would say, although Othello's occupation might be gone, and the novelist took the place of the preacher, 'Novelist, preach on, if you will lift men higher; we have tried to do all in our power; God speed you, we are brothers with one common end.'

It is not to be supposed that when the good Bishop exclaimed 'God speed you, we are brothers with one common end,' he intended to include Miss Amélie Rives, Miss Laura Daintry, or Mr. Edgar Saltus.

IT IS CURIOUS to note the taste of English readers for American novels. Quite a striking list could be made up of books which, though published in this country, have found their first enthusiastic recognition in England. A notable example is 'Democracy,' which made a sensation among English readers such as is seldom made by a native novel. And now comes 'No. 19 State Street,' a novel by D. G. Ade, published in Cassell's Sunshine Library. The story was well received in this country, but in England it has been hailed with a shout of admiration. 'Who is this new writer, who beats Haggard on his own ground?' they ask. An edition which was sent to London was exhausted immediately; others were cabled for, and now a widely circulated London journal announces the novel in serial form, as a great attraction. It is to be published complete in two numbers, and the editor writes over in the most enthusiastic manner in a letter asking the New York publisher's permission.

WHY IS IT that great writers make us feel that it is so easy to write as they do? I have just finished reading Miss Wormley's admirable translation of 'Eugénie Grandet,' and I felt when I laid the book down that nothing could be easier than to take up a pen and write just such a story, not that it did not seem well written, but the style was so simple as to be altogether misleading. I suppose that I could write a novel like 'Daniel Deronda' just as easily as I could write one like 'Eugénie Grandet'; and yet I never for a moment thought that I could write like George Eliot. I never for a moment thought that I could write like Balzac, either; I only wondered *why* I could not do a thing that seemed so easily done. The wonder was only momentary, however.

SAYS X. Y. Z. in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

I was buying a novel the other day in a bookshop in Germany. Seeing that I was looking only at the English stories, the bookseller's 'young man' asked why I did not rather choose one of the English translations of German stories. 'You will find them of more permanent interest,' he said, in excellent English. 'Very well,' I said; 'shall I take one of Heyse's?' 'No, not Heyse,' he replied; 'he will be too sweet perhaps for your English taste. You should take Scheffel's "Ekkehard"—an historical novel written by a poet, an established masterpiece of modern literature, and as much a national favorite as your "Copperfield" in England.' The young man's criticism interested me; but what struck me as more interesting was the fact of his offering it at all. Imagine an apprentice in a bookseller's shop in London conversing in that way with a customer in a foreign tongue! No wonder that the Germans are beating us in commerce!

Here is a hint to American booksellers' clerks which they would do well to act upon. A prominent bookseller told me not long ago that his greatest trouble was to get clerks who knew anything about the contents of the books they were selling. 'I am thankful now,' said he, 'if they don't stand the books upside down on the shelves.' There are very intelligent young men to be found among booksellers' clerks; I could name quite a goodly list, if I wanted to be personal; but as a rule they appear to know as little about their business as the women who sit in the box-offices of French theatres.

International Copyright

THE MILLS BILL, as it passed the House, contains a clause which puts upon the free list 'Bibles, books, and pamphlets printed in other languages than English, and books and pamphlets and all publications of foreign Governments, and publications of foreign societies, historical or scientific, printed for gratuitous distribution.' This provision was attacked by Mr. Farquhar of New York. In defending it, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky said:

I regret that we do not see our way clear to go further than we have in this provision. I wish that we thought that we were able to make all books, all art, all productions of human genius, in print, or picture, or sculpture, free.

After stating the true nature of the provision, Mr. Breckinridge exclaimed:

Surely no one will go to the extent of saying that taxes and duties ought to be levied on learning simply for the purpose of protection. Protection ought not to go so far as to make the means of knowledge more expensive merely for the purpose of taxation, and that, too, at a time when there is no necessity for the tax, and when we are removing taxation. In the effort to eliminate subjects of taxation, in trying to reduce the revenue by assorting the subjects upon which the taxes are laid, what better subject for release from duty can possibly be found than good books? From what can we possibly take the burden better than from a tool for education? From what could we in this Nineteenth Century better take taxation off than knowledge?

The effort to strike out this clause Mr. Breckinridge denounced as 'protection gone mad,' and pronounced it as 'of a piece with the effort to keep books from the slave or the Bible from the people.'

CONCERNING the duty on non-English literature, H. M. Stanley writes to *The Evening Post* from Lake Forest University as follows:

If there is one duty in the present tariff more absurd and unjust than another, it is the duty on books printed in foreign languages. Twenty-five per cent. is charged on all foreign books alike, whether they be in the English language, in German, French, Chinese, or Hottentot. From the point of view of protection, this duty protects nothing and nobody. We cannot foster a French literature, for instance, in this country by any amount of protection. There are no publishers or writers to be protected by any tariff of this kind. As a measure for revenue, this tax is an imposition on all advanced science and learning in this country. The specialist, who is but too often a teacher dependent on a meagre salary, must buy French and German books in order to maintain his standing and keep up with his specialty; and, in addition to the regular cost of importation, he is required to pay a tax which is often prohibitive. Further, this tax falls heavily upon the increasing class of cultured persons with short purses who take an interest in contemporary foreign literature. For a book whose list price in France is 34 francs (67 cents), one must pay a dealer in this country \$1.25. If the book were free of duty, the dealer, who can buy it in France at 40 per cent. discount, should make a fair profit by charging the American buyer about the equivalent of the foreign list price.

It is certainly worth while for legislators who desire to favor science, learning, and general culture to see that, if the duty on all books be not remitted, at least the books printed in foreign languages be allowed to enter this country free of duty.

Browning's "Saul"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Has any lover of Browning noticed the poet's apparent familiarity with the pastoral romancer, Longus? Every reader of 'Saul' will remember the beautiful lines near the beginning of that poem, descriptive of the various tunes played by David upon his harp, such as the following:

And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song, when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great hearts expand.

In Longus's romance of Daphnis and Chloe there occur two passages which may have furnished Browning with the suggestion of this series of tunes. The first is found on pp. 303-4. (I quote from Smith's translation, in the Bohn edition):—'He ran through all the variations of pastoral melody; he played the tune which the oxen obey, that which attracts the goats, that in which the sheep delight. The notes for the sheep were sweet, those for the oxen deep, those for the goats were shrill. In short, his single pipe could express the tones of every pipe which is played upon. Those present lay listening in silent delight; when Dryas rose up, and desired Philetas to strike up the Bacchanalian tune. Philetas obeyed, and Dryas began the Vintage-Dance, in which he represented the plucking of the grapes, the carrying of the baskets, the treading of the clusters, and the drinking of the new-made wine. . . . Upon losing sight of her, Daphnis seizing the large pipe of Philetas, breathed into it a mournful strain, as of one who loves; then a love-sick strain, as of one who pleads; lastly a recalling strain, as of one who seeks her whom he has lost.' The other is from pp. 333-4:—'Daphnis disposed the company in a semi-circle; then standing under the shade of a beech-tree, he took his pipe from his scrip, and breathed into

it very gently. The goats stood still, merely lifting up their heads. Next he played the pasture-tune, upon which they all put down their heads, and began to graze. Now he produced some notes, soft and sweet in tone: at once his herd lay down. After this he piped in a sharp key, and they ran off to the wood, as if a wolf were in sight.'

Again, may not the impulse to write this poem have been derived from Herder's 'Spirit of Hebrew Poetry'? On p. 197, Vol. II., of the translation there is a kind of challenge to poets in general:—'Take David in the presence of Saul. More than one poet has availed himself of the beauty of this situation, but no one to my knowledge has yet stolen the harp of David, and produced a poem, such even as Dryden's ode in the composition of Handel, where Timotheus plays before Alexander.' If Browning did accept the challenge, it was only to refute the observation by his success.

ALBERT S. COOK.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 17 Aug., 1888.

Current Criticism

'ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.'—But when we come to a further and more intimate consideration of whether the power and independence and intrepidity of the Senate in regard to the concurrence with executive power in making a treaty is to be overborne, not by the concurrent opinions that have originated and advised and approved, but under opinions now to be brought forward, changing the attitudes of Senators when no change in facts has happened to justify politically a change—I mean political in the sense of the policy of the United States—and when nothing has occurred in regard to the reason or the wisdom of the proposed changed attitude of the Senate, but all that has happened is that the just independence of the Executive in maintaining negotiations, in bringing them to a result, in engaging the people of the United States and its Government towards the foreign power, by the whole Executive power; and when the consultation of the Senate and its concurrence are invited, it is found that the attitude takes the shape merely of party cohesion and of party enlistment—it is not for me to say against reason or against patriotism, but that apparently a governing and a weighty consideration is introduced into the debate, to wit, whether or not the policy of the Executive shall be adopted and approved by the Senate or shall be rejected by it: and then the votes are to be accordingly clustered, it is said, in support of the President's policy.—*Senator Ewatts, on the Fisheries Treaty.*

MAXIMS AND APHORISMS.—Grammarians draw a distinction between a maxim and aphorism, and tell us that, while an aphorism only states some broad truths of general bearing, a maxim, besides stating the truth, enjoins a rule of conduct as its consequence. For instance, to say that 'There are some men with just imagination enough to spoil their judgment' is an aphorism. But there is action as well as thought in such sayings as this: 'Tis a great sign of mediocrity to be always reserved in praise;' or in this of Aurelius, 'When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellences of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third.' Again, according to this distinction of the word, we are to give the name of aphorism to Pascal's saying that 'Most of the mischief in the world would never happen if men would only be content to sit still in their parlors;' and we are to give the name of maxim to the great and admirable counsel of a philosopher of a very different school, which I confess is a favorite one with me, that 'If you would love mankind you should not expect too much from them.' But the distinction is one without much difference; we need not labor it, nor pay it further attention. Aphorism or maxim, let us remember that this wisdom of life is the true salt of literature; that those books, at least in prose, are most nourishing which are most richly stored with it; and that it is one of the great objects, apart from the mere acquisition of knowledge, which men ought to seek in the reading of books.—*John Morley, in 'Aphorisms.'*

A JACK OF ALL TRADES.—I have been guilty of every form of play, from blank-verse tragedy to burlesque. I have been a poet and a songwriter, serious and satirical. I have been a novelist, journalist, essayist, and travel-talker, and fairy-tale-teller. I have been a barrister on circuit and standing counsel for a Government Office, a Boundary Commissioner, a plaintiff, a defendant, an amateur actor, a stump orator, the President of a County Caucus, a lecturer, a theatrical manager, an editor, and an egg-merchant. In some of these lines I have had some success—in others I have been a failure; as an egg-merchant conspicuously so. Yet perhaps the proudest moment of my life was when I was able to enter myself by the last description in a census-paper. It looked so solid—but it wasn't. Seriously, however, this very variety of life has been

to me a curious education of its kind; which through circumstances has brought me into personal contact with famous men the most diverse in all lines, almost from boyhood, as I have written in an earlier essay of them elsewhere. It is something to have played, as a child, with such a survival of the past as Joanna Baillie—something to have sate at the feet of Macaulay—to have known foreign men-of-letters like De Tocqueville and Louis Blanc—something to owe the production of a first article to the kindness of Dickens—of a first play to that of Boucicault—of a first novel to that of Trollope. But Gossip Thackeray was my boy's idol, as of English novelists he remains to my maturer love the first.—*Herman Merivale, quoted in The Bookman.*

ANDREW LANG'S FAVORITE POET.—Delightful as his [Matthew Arnold's] early literary criticism, and stimulating as all his literary criticism is, one cannot pretend that it was always free from oddities and errors. His belief in English hexameters, his belief in M. Scherer, his indifference to French poetry, or most French poetry, his attachment to Byron, were all hard for the next generation to understand. But he was something a great deal better and rarer than a critic; he was a poet, nor do I think the world yet knows how beautiful, and true, and all but flawless a poet he was. The hurried notices that have been written of him since his death do not appear to me to recognize his excellence. It is a great pleasure to remember what he once or twice told me, that one's own poor remarks on his verse, with those of two critics of another calibre, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Hutton, had helped greatly to bring readers to his poems. Perhaps I am a fanatic. If we are to class poets as in an examination, I would not place Mr. Arnold with Lord Tennyson, and it is really impossible to compare him with Mr. Browning. But probably he was to me what Wordsworth had been to him. There are 'cities of the soul,' every one has his own,—abiding-places which may not be more beautiful than others, but are, to this or that man, more winning, and more dear. To this man it will be Venice to another Rome, to a third Paris, to a fourth Oxford, and so on, as it chances. And so there are poets about whom any of us may feel that they are *his* poets, as Mr. Browning has his own star. Mr. Arnold was that poet to me; perhaps he is to many; he has made life more beautiful to see, and more easy, perhaps, to live with. But maybe they are few who find him so akin to their desires, for his critics, as a rule, appear to look on his verse as all but secondary in the work of his life.—*Longman's Magazine.*

WHAT ART PIRACY LEADS TO.—I do not know whether those Americans who interest themselves in the future of art are satisfied with the prospect thus opened out. It seems to me that the illustration most applicable is the old and the hackneyed one of the goose with the golden eggs. You are enjoying your ample provisions of works of art; the talent of England and France is working for your enjoyment, and you are profiting by it in the cheapest possible way; you can, by combining the methods of science with the productions of the artist, provide yourselves at the cost of eighty cents with an approximation to the work for which we have to pay twenty or thirty times as much; and you flatter yourselves that you are doing a clever thing, are spoiling the Egyptians, are defeating the monopolists, and are in a hundred other ways making the best of both worlds. I venture to submit that you are entirely in the wrong, and that, to take even the lowest ground, you are pursuing a policy that is so short-sighted as to be entirely unworthy of the smartest people in the world. You are putting obstacles in the way of the development of your own artistic class, and, with the words 'protection of native industry' on your lips, you are dealing a deadly blow against an industry which otherwise would be sure to be rapidly developed in your midst, and in the possession of which your sons and your grandsons would feel a pleasure and a pride. Moreover, and chiefly, you are doing your best to extinguish that industry in the regions of the world where it exists already; you are killing the artists in order that you may enjoy their art.—*Thos. Humphry Ward, in 'A Letter to the American People.'*

Notes

JOHN BIGELOW'S new edition of Franklin's Works, the tenth and last volume of which is now printing, seems to have revived public interest in 'the most eminent journalist, philosopher, statesman and diplomat of the time.' Messrs. Lippincott have just put to press the third edition of Mr. Bigelow's Life of Franklin.

—Bunyan, by Precentor Venables, will be the next volume in the Great Writers Series.

—The ubiquitous plagiarist-hunter now declares that a volume of poems called 'Fragment Blossoms from a Silent Pathway,' put

forth by a reverend Sister of the Order of Jesus and Mary, late of the Convent of Hochelaga, as the product of a dead friend, is very nearly identical with a volume of verses entitled 'Voices from the Hearth,' by Isidore E. Ascher of Montreal, printed in 1863 by D. Appleton & Co. and since forgotten.

—The Life of Christ upon which Père Didon has been engaged so many years, and which is expected to be a grand refutation of M. Renan's work, will be published this winter.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish immediately 'The President's Message' in an *édition de luxe*, with sixteen full-page graphic illustrations from original designs by Thomas Nast. The Questions of the Day edition of the Message, with Annotations by R. R. Bowker, which has been delayed for important additional material, will be ready about the same time.

—Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., the author of 'Puss Cat Mew Stories' and other delightful books for children, is visiting this country.

—The death of Georg Weber, the German historian, at the age of eighty, is announced. He was well-known as the Professor and Director of the High School of Heidelberg, a position he had held for thirty years, and as the author of 'A History of German Literature,' the 'History of the Reformation in Great Britain,' 'A Manual of Universal History,' a 'Universal History' in fifteen volumes, a 'History of the People of Israel,' and numerous other works.

—Lucy Stone passed her seventieth birthday last Monday, and her old friends and associates in reform made the occasion bright for her by letters, flowers, and more substantial gifts.

—Thos. Whittaker announces 'The Pillars of Society, and Other Plays,' by Henrik Ibsen, edited by Havelock Ellis for the Camelot Series, and 'Poems by Southey,' edited by Sidney R. Thompson for the series of Canterbury Poets.

—With Zola finishing a work that the Chevalier Bayard might own, de Maupassant walking the French prisons for material with which to work out a psychical romance on crime, and the promise that Daudet is to issue in November another volume of his reminiscences, entitled 'Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres,' we may count on some interesting French literature for the winter.

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is spending the summer at a quiet farmhouse on Long Island, where she has gone on account of her fast failing health.

—Jordan, Marsh & Co., the Boston drygoods dealers, are publishing 'Editha's Burglar,' by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, illustrated by Henry Sandham. The frontispiece is a portrait of Little Elsie Leslie, who plays Editha in William Gillette's dramatic version of the story. The same firm are also issuing 'Jack in the Bush,' by Robert Grant, a companion story to 'Jack Hall,' with illustrations by Frank T. Merrill; and have in press 'Housekeeping and Homemaking,' by Mrs. Sallie Joy White. This firm is certainly 'holding up its end' of the Hub's reputation as a literary centre!

—Accompanying some of her unpublished letters, the new *Revue Universelle Illustrée*, has an excellent portrait of George Sand.

—'Othello,' the next volume of 'The Bankside Shakspeare,' will be edited by Thos. R. Price, Professor of English in Columbia College. In his Introduction Mr. Price claims the discovery of an exact system of prosody developed by Shakspeare in earlier plays, but perfected in 'Othello.'

—The American edition of A. E. Middleton's 'Memory System,' revised and enlarged, with a biography of mnemonics (1325-1888), by G. S. Fellows, will be published to-day by the American editor, Mr. Fellows.

—The Emperor of Germany has sanctioned the publication of an English translation of Ludwig Schneider's 'Reminiscences.' These diaries were officially examined and revised each year by the late Emperor William, whose reader, secretary and confidant Schneider was, under the title of Privy Court Chancellor.

—The last volume of Kürschner's annual of German literature, just published, contains 16,000 names of living writers, an increase of 4000 over last year.

—In its leading editorial, *The Library Journal* for July soliloquizes as follows:

'A well-known librarian' has written to THE CRITIC complaining of the practice in certain Government bureaux at Washington of sending out blanks for acknowledgment, which the recipient is expected to sign as 'Very respectfully, your obedient servant.' It is strange that such a superfluity of abasement should have suggested itself to officials who, from the party they belonged to, ought to have been admirers of republican simplicity; it is still more strange that they should have been continued by professed believers in democratic equality. . . . The

writer in THE CRITIC suggests to give the senders of these circulars in turn a lesson by crossing out the objectionable subscription and substituting the common 'Yours truly.' But, after all, in giving instruction unasked, one would be guilty of the very impoliteness of which one complained. There is probably nothing to be done but to hope that the heads of departments may happen to notice the mistake of their subordinates.

—Referring to the 'Best Hundred Books' controversy, Herman Merivale says: 'I am inclined to define the 100 books as those which everybody says everybody else must read, but never reads himself.'

—Mrs. Humphry Ward contributes a paper to the next number of *Atalanta* on Mrs. Browning.

—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.'s, most popular story, 'The Gun-Maker of Moscow,' will be published in Cassell's Sunshine Library within a few days. Although there is hardly a man or boy in this country who has not heard of this story, it has never appeared in book form.

—Mr. Kennan will contribute to the September *Century* an article on 'Exile by Administrative Process,' in which he gives a great number of instances of the banishment of persons to Siberia, without the observance of any legal formalities. Mr. Kennan disbelieves that the plan of reform now being discussed in Russia; and which is said by the London *Spectator* to involve the entire abolition of exile to Siberia, will be put into operation.

—Eleanor Putnam, before her death broke the beautiful promise of her life, wrote in collaboration with her husband, Arlo Bates, a charming little fairy-tale called 'Prince Vance.' Roberts Bros. are to publish the book, with illustrations by Frank Myrick, in time for Christmas.

—Some industrious persons in England are unearthing the buried 'Treasures' of the long-defunct 'Keepsakes,' and in one of them have found the following verses by Tennyson (1850), not published in his works:

What time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining winged powers
Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.
As toward that gracious light I bow'd,
They seem'd high palaces and proud,
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.
He said, 'The labor is not small;
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!'

Among other contributors to the volume were Lord John Manners, R. Monckton Milnes, E. Bulwer Lytton, Barry Cornwall, W. M. Thackeray, and Albert Smith.

—The Rev. Dr. Collyer of New York has been selected as orator at the unveiling of the bronze statue of Robert Burns at Albany next Thursday. It is expected that the event will bring together one of the largest gatherings of Scotchmen ever seen in America.

—Mr. Winter's volume of poems, which David Douglas is bringing out in Edinburgh, is called 'Wanderers.' It will contain much new verse.

—Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa—(nicknamed 'King Tom' by his English schoolmates, because while a Harrow boy he declined the crown of Spain) was on intimate terms with the Arnolds at Harrow, and has forwarded a contribution to the proposed Arnold memorial with a letter breathing warm affection for the poet and his family.

—Prof. Darmesteter of the College of France, who has translated into French some of Miss Mary F. Robinson's verse, is soon to translate the young lady herself across the Channel as his wife.

—At an auction sale this week, at Bangs & Co.'s, a fine copy of Nathaniel Morton's 'New England's Memorials,' in the original calf binding, brought \$40; a very rare copy of Increase Mather's 'Life of Richard Mather,' 1670, \$9; and Samuel Penhallow's 'History of the Wars of New England with the Eastern Indian,' a somewhat damaged volume, \$24.

—Miss Mary Jane Claremont, the gifted, ardent, undisciplined step-daughter of William Godwin, the mother of Byron's Allegra and the 'Clare Claremont' of the Shelleyan coterie in Italy, is just dead in Florence, at the advanced age of ninety years.

—Rider Haggard, in the episode off Stroma, has recently realized in hard experience the imaginative scene of the shipwreck in 'Mr. Meeson's Will.' That was a very graphic piece of descriptive writing, but if the author could only rewrite it now!

—Col. George E. Waring, Jr., has prepared for publication by D. Van Nostrand a general treatise on city, town and village sewerage and drainage and land drainage. It will include descriptions of both English and American sewerage, and especially of the im-

portant drainage works of Holland. It will be copiously illustrated with maps and plates, based largely upon the author's own professional works.

—'Daylight Land' is the title of a new book by W. H. H. Murray, which Cupples & Hurd will issue on Oct. 1. It will be especially adapted for the holiday trade, and will be descriptive of the Northwestern side of the American continent. The illustrations will be from sketches by J. D. Woodward.

—Robert Buchanan's 'City of Dreams' has nearly run through its second edition. A new poem from his pen, half humorous, half satirical, has just been announced.

—'Protection Echoes from the Capitol' is the title of a book by Thos. H. McKee, Assistant Librarian of the Senate, which G. S. Fellows & Co. announce for immediate publication. It contains 1,200 aphorisms and leading principles of the protective policy, together with the present tariff and the Mills bill in parallel columns.

—Addison's 'Essays and Tales,' Carlyle's 'Essays on Goethe,' Clara Reeve's 'Old-English Baron,' and Coventry Patmore's 'Victory of Love, and Other Poems,' have been added to Cassell's National Library.

—The latest of the Putnam's Knickerbocker Nuggets is a tiny volume containing 'Undine' and 'Sintram.' To say that it is in every way worthy to enshrine the romantic tales of Fouqué is to say a great deal but not too much. This Nugget is indeed 'a diminutive mass of precious metal.'

—The new *Staten Island Magazine* starts off well, with a leading article by George Wm. Curtis, on some of the celebrities who have at one time or another lived on the island.

—Last Tuesday's *World* said:—'Col. Carson Lake, who has recently been made one of the editors of *The American Magazine*, announced yesterday that he had secured from James G. Blaine the promise of an article on Grover Cleveland for the September number of his magazine.'

—Cassell & Co. have ready a new and enlarged edition of 'Yachts and Yachting' brought down to date. The bulk of the history of American yachting was written by the late Capt. Coffin, and to this has been added the record of the past two years by Mr. Charles E. Clay.

—Dr. Charles Mackay, the popular song-writer, is broken in health and very poor. A fund has been started for his benefit, of which Dr. L. C. Alexander of Holly Lodge, Putney, England, is the treasurer.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1380.—1. Will you kindly give me the name of Robert Brown- ing's poem containing the following lines, which I quote from memory, not having read them for four or five years?

By father's side I heirship trace
From many a seer of Celtic race
Puts glamor into all I see.
By mother's side I draw descent
From Saxon squires most excellent
Fat fellows, innocent of soul,
If lovers of the *gaudriole*.

Are they meant to be autobiographical? 2. I should also like to know the meaning of the word *gaudriole*, as it is not given in four or five dictionaries I have consulted in the Watkinson Library here.

HARTFORD, CONN.

W. F. F.

[2. *Gaudriole* is a French word, signifying an indelicate joke or story.]

No. 1381.—1. On what authority does Gen. Lew Wallace base the statement in 'Ben Hur' that 3,000,000 people saw the crucifixion of Christ? 2. John B. Alden's 'Literature' is responsible for the statement that Thomas Wentworth Higginson's father's name was *Wentworth*. Why has not the son the father's family name?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

F. P. R.

[2. There is no foundation for this statement. Col. T. W. Higginson's father was Stephen Higginson, Steward of Harvard College; his grandfather, also Stephen Higginson, was a member of the Continental Congress and a leading Federalist; and his ancestor, the Rev. Francis Higginson, born in 1588, came to Salem, Mass., in 1629 and died the following year. The Wentworth in the name came from the mother's side, she being descended from the New Hampshire family of that name. It is a curious circumstance, that Col. Higginson has a distant kinsman

in London, Col. (now Maj.-Gen.) George Wentworth Higginson, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, who also derives the Wentworth from his mother's side.]

No. 1382.—Can any one give me the address of Mr. Samuel Beman, which in 1875 was 304 W. 27th Street, New York? Or if he is no longer living, the address of his executor?

WEST BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.

S. M. G.

No. 1383.—Has any reader of THE CRITIC a copy of Bullen's 'Lyrics of the Elizabethan Age' for sale? Only the first volume is wanted (not the second, entitled 'More Lyrics').

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

H. R. C.

No. 1384.—I should like very much to learn something about the M. Milsand to whom Browning dedicated 'Sordello.' His little book on Ruskin would well reward translation from the French.

NEW YORK.

M. E. C.

No. 1385.—Can you refer me to any poem devoted to the judgment of Phryne? I recollect having read one, but don't remember where I saw it, or who had written it.

HAYWARD, CAL.

C. P. N.

No. 1386.—I am curious to learn the authorship of these lines:

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray;
Keep me, dear Lord, from sin just for to-day,
Let me both diligently work and duly pray,
Let me be faithful to Thy grace just for to-day;
Let me no wrong or idle word unthinkingly say,
Set Thou a seal upon my lips just for to-day,
And if to-day my tide of life should ebb away,
Give me Thy sacrament divine, dear Lord, to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, to-day.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. L.

No. 1387.—Forty-odd years ago I read a thrilling narrative entitled 'Cardillac, the Jeweller.' I think it was from *Blackwood*. Now I have just read the story of 'Mlle de Scudéri,' in Vol. II. of Hoffman's 'Weird Tales,' translated by Bealby. Are these two the same? If so, who was the first translator? If not, who was the author of the earlier story?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

J. F. M.

No. 1388.—I should like to ask the source of the following quotations: 1. 'The beautiful is higher than the good, for it includes the good.' 2. 'Let the mad would go its own way, for it will go its own way.' 3. Who said of the practice of leaders of the Opposition taking

office on the defeat of a Ministry, 'I would as soon choose for a new coachman the man who shies stones best at my old one'?

HARTFORD, CONN.

F. M.

No. 1389.—Where can Lowell's 'Credidimus Jovem Regnare' and Meredith's 'King of Amasis' be found? They are in none of the collections that I have.

LANSING, MICH.

M. C. S.

[For the 'Credidimus,' see Mr. Lowell's new book of poems, 'Heartsease and Rue,' \$1.25, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

ANSWERS.

She stood upon a bare, tall crag,
Which overlooked her ragged cot—
A wasted, gray and meagre hag,
In features evil as her lot.

First 4 lines of stanza 3 in 'Moll Pitcher,' published in pamphlet form, with 'The Minstrel Girl,' in 1840. In 1850, when B. B. Mussey of Boston published an edition of Whittier's poems, the poet omitted 'The Minstrel Girl' wholly from the collection, and of 'Moll Pitcher' printed only the lines beginning

How has New England's romance fled
Even as a vision of the morning!

These appear, in the 1850 and later editions, under the heading 'Extract from a New England Legend.' Moll Pitcher was a real person, and the 'bare tall crag' was High Rock, Lynn, Mass.

WEST PITTSBURGH, PA.

S. E. D.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Bercy, P. Livre des Enfants.	Vol. IX.	\$5.	Wm. R. Jenkins.
Bigelow, J. Works of Benjamin Franklin.	Vol. IX.	\$5.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Calcott, Lady. Little Arthur's History of England.			Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Corbin, D. F. M. Life of Matthew Fontaine Maury			Scribner & Welford.
Crawford, J. M. The Kalevala.	2 vols.		John B. Alden.
Edwards, T. C. Epistle to the Hebrews.	\$1.50.		A. C. Armstrong & Son.
French, J. H. Elementary Arithmetic.			Harper & Bros.
Galton, A. English Prose.	40c.		Thos. Whittaker.
Gosse, E. Congreve, Life of.	40c.		Thos. Whittaker.
Howard, B. W. Aulnay Tower.	50c.		Ticknor & Co.
Iron, R. Story of an African Farm.	50c.		Scribner & Welford.
Macdonald, G. The Fleet Lady.	50c.		D. Appleton & Co.
Payn, Jas. The Eavesdropper.	25c.		Harper & Bros.
Parker, H. W. Spirit of Beauty.	75c.		John B. Alden.
Rosenthal, R. S. Meisterschaft System for the Italian Language.	15 Parts.	\$5.	
Boston: Meisterschaft Pub. Co.			
Sensenig, D. M. Numbers Symbolized.	\$1.25.		D. Appleton & Co.
Shakespeare, W. King Henry IV. Part II.	10c.		Cassell & Co.
Trail, F. Studies in Criticism.			Worthington Co.
Waite, A. E. Elfin Music.	40c.		Thos. Whittaker.
West, J. H. The Complete Life.			Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.
Zola, E. The Jolly Parisiennes.	75c.		Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

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